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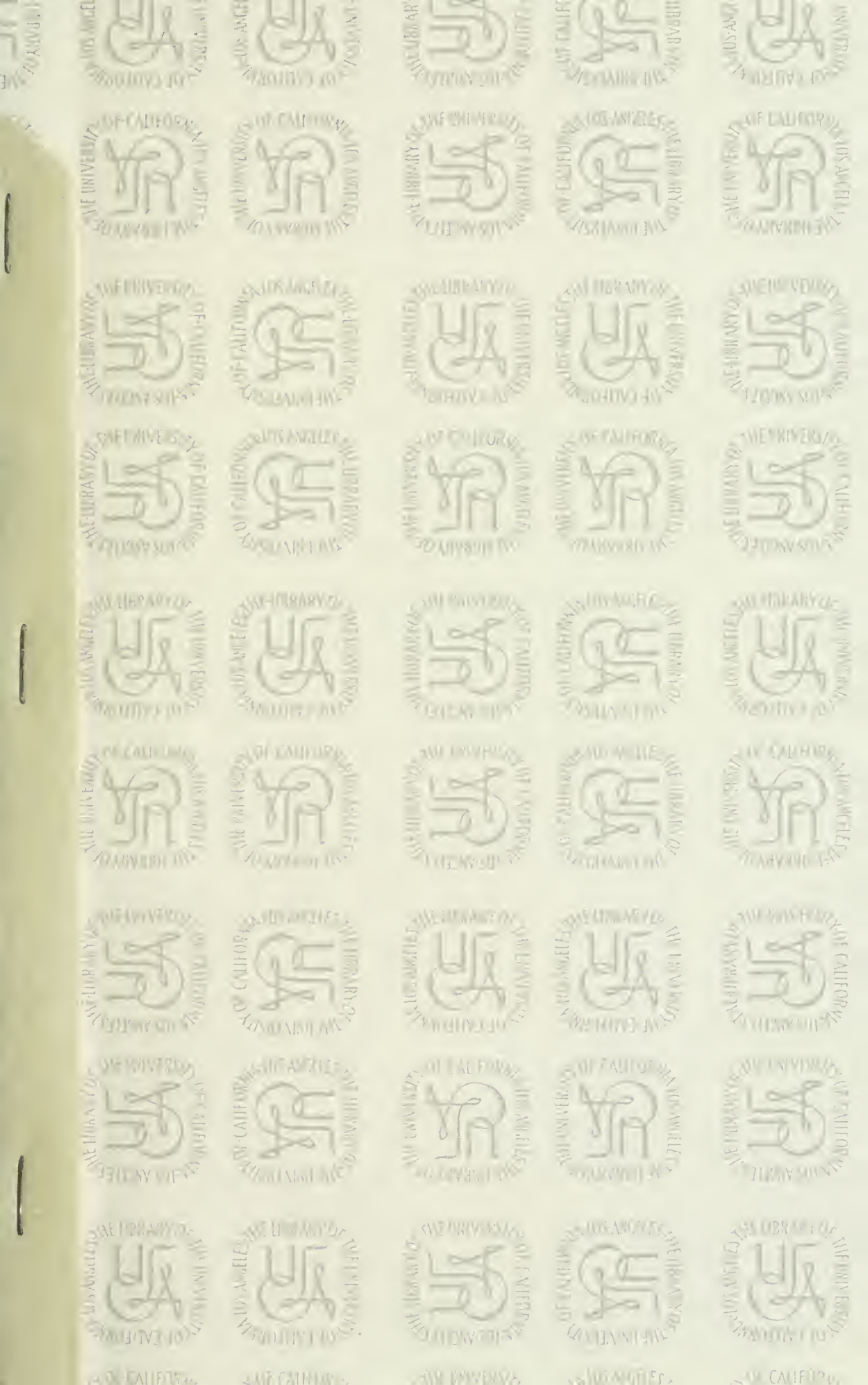
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THRILLING EXPERIENCES

OF

C.I.M. MISSIONARIES

IN CHIHLI.

BY MR. & MRS. GREEN.

REPRINTED FROM THE "SHANGHAI MERCURY."

Thrilling Experiences of C.I.M. Missionaries in Chihli.

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A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE WANDERINGS AND MARVELLOUS ESCAPE OF MR. AND MRS. C. H. S. GREEN, THEIR TWO CHILDREN, VERA AND JOHN, AGED RESPECTIVELY FIVE AND THREE YEARS, AND MISS J. G. GREGG.

[WRITTEN BY MR. AND MRS. GREEN.]

It was very soon after our return to Huailuh on March 30th that gradually increasing rumours of trouble with the Society known as "The Boxers" in the district north of Paotingfu reached us, and by the middle of May things seemed to be getting really serious, though one learns by experience to "liberally discount" all rumours in China. Authentic items, however, were sent us by Mr. Bagnall, our missionary at Paotingfu, in the fortnightly mail, and these reached their climax by the couriers who arrived at Huailuh on June 2nd, bringing news of the destruction of the railway and the attack on the party of engineers in their endeavours to escape to Tientsin by the river.

This meant that all communication with Tientsin and the outside world for our part of China, was entirely cut off. Even this mail contained no foreign matter for us and we have neither received from or been able to send away word to friends since about the middle of May. On Tuesday, June 12th, I received two wires, within an hour of each other, one from Tientsin and one from Paotingfu, asking me to send a special messenger to Shuenteh with word to stop Mr. W. Cooper coming north to Paotingfu and advising his return to Shanghai via Honan. I had already sent a letter two days previously by cart, strongly advising that he should not attempt to get to Tientsin at any rate by the Paotingfu route.

To save time I sent off one of my own servants. He was away before the second wire arrived, with orders to travel day and night, if possibly he might catch dear Mr. Cooper before he left. He was back by Friday afternoon with word that Mr. Cooper left Shuenteh by cart for Paotingfu the same day that my courier left Huailuh.

I immediately wired Mr. Bagnall asking if he had arrived safely, as I

knew that he must pass at least one place where the Boxers were giving trouble.

We were filled with praise the next morning to have a reply, saying he had reached there safely. Also when two days later we had letters by mail from Mr. Cooper and Mr. Bagnall to tell us although the clouds seemed gathering, they were kept in peace and that all Mission premises were under military protection.

The continual drought in the Province caused much unrest among the people and no doubt tended to accelerate and strengthen the anti-foreign movement. There had been no rain practically since early in July last year. The autumn crops had been a failure. The wheat for this year's spring could not be sown, so there were no spring crops, and now the time for sowing the autumn crops was fast passing away and still no rain.

The anti-foreign party, taking advantage of this, issued broadcast inflammatory placards saying, that there would be no rain until all foreigners were exterminated and various other very injurious accusations. Although there was much idle talk and growing coldness of attitude to us in our district, we first began to be uneasy when we found that these placards were being posted in the neighbourhood.

This was the same week that the railway was destroyed, news of which had already reached us from native sources. After prayer and talk together I was led to send a letter to our local official, telling him about the injurious placards and asking him to do what he thought was right in the matter. He quickly sent a very kind reply by one of his secretaries assuring me that he would suppress such foolishness and give us protection. This being our first dealings with the Magistrate, a new arrival since we went on furlough, we were glad to

find that at least our local magistrate was not "anti-foreign."

From this time forward the local natives and our own dear Christians and enquirers became more and more uneasy.

Daily rumour and reports were current of the murder of foreigners, native Christians and Catholics. Also threatened attacks upon the large Catholic Mission premises at Cheng-tingfu, twenty miles east of us, and even upon our own places, began to be circulated. Many of the more friendly natives visited us and sought to assure us that, whatever happened elsewhere, the Huailuh people would never do so, or allow any violence, that we must continue to pray for rain as all would be too busy to listen to idle talk when sowing crops for autumn, and their hearts would be set at rest by the removal of a threatened famine.

We gave ourselves to much prayer and waiting upon God and encouraged our Christians to do the same.

Truly for them this was a time of fiery trial! They were "counted as the off-scouring of all things" and knew what it was to be "despised and rejected of men" and being "of the people" there was no respite such as we had in the privacy of our own home. In almost every case there is only one in a household and so they had to stand alone, but not alone for the Lord stood with them and strengthened them, and our hearts were made glad as we saw the grace of God manifested in them.

About midnight on June 12th our household received a shock which more or less unnerved us all, coming at such an anxious time. It was full moon and exceedingly hot and we were sleeping with our own bedroom door wide open to get any little breeze there might be, when at midnight I was awakened by a slight cry from my little boy. On opening my eyes, there, right between our bed and the bright moonlight, at the door I saw a man in the room! Without waiting for second thoughts I sprang from the bed and went for him. The same cry that awoke me, had startled the thief, and we moved simultaneously. My nightdress became

entangled with my legs causing me to fall heavily in the court-yard outside. Although I was up again quickly and gave chase, he had gained on me sufficiently to make himself invisible when we got to the back court-yard, where are several large trees giving shade. After standing for a moment to make sure there was nothing moving, I thought it wise to call up the household and make a search. We soon scoured the place armed with cudgels, pokers, spades, etc., but he had made good his escape and had got clear away, while I returned to call the men. We found traces of him in other parts of the premises, but could find nothing missing. Alas! on going to dress next morning I found the complete set of clothing I had taken off the night before was *non est* and a few minutes after one of the servants found one of my socks on the top of the back wall, giving proof positive at least of the way of exit! All the natives were loud in their expressions of thankfulness that I did not succeed in catching my man, assuring me that no Chinese thief goes unarmed, at least without a sharp knife, and that I was sure to have been badly wounded. The Christians maintain that our merciful God caused me to trip in the yard and thus save me from something worse than the grazed knee I received. The next day and onwards we were very careful to lock up all doors and put away all movables. The thief having learnt his way about came again the following night and made off with a valuable brass gong, hung on a tree in the centre court, which we used for calling the natives to service. We found trace too of his having tried other doors. The third night we planned an ambush for him, four of us waiting all night in a room at the back, close to the place where he climbed over the wall. We had evidence that he and others came to the other side of the wall, but probably being in some way alarmed or hearing some slight sound we may have made, they did not attempt to come over. The fourth night we planned for our men to sleep in different parts of the compound and to be on the alert. About midnight again an alarm was given and

we all sallied forth with our weapons and made a vigorous search. A cudgel was found left leaning against one of the doors at the back but no sight of the thief. These midnight alarms continued, whether real or false, several nights. I cannot tell why, but this matter coupled with growing seriousness of the trouble throughout the province, seemed to unnerve us all and it was only by a constant waiting upon our faithful God that we could get any heart rest. At any ordinary time we should have reported the matter to the Yamen and had it stopped quickly but having, so recently written to the official about the placards and more serious trials now coming upon us we did not act in the matter of the thief. Perhaps it would have been better had we done so for very exaggerated accounts of the affair were rife in the city and perhaps helped forward our next trouble.

It was just about a week after the thief's first visit that our table boy went out to buy provisions and was waylaid by a friend who whispered something to the effect that he was on no account to sleep on the foreigner's compound that night, as fifteen or twenty local blacklegs had planned a midnight raid upon the place pretending to be "Boxers." They intended to "hold us up" with fire-arms and make off with any plunder they could get. Although we usually ignore these kind of tales there seemed a good colouring of truth about this, and knowing lawlessness was spreading all around, the boy himself being very frightened too, we were led after prayer to once more send a letter to the mandarin asking for protection.;

Again the Secretary was promptly sent round with a letter and word of assurance, so that evening and the subsequent three or four nights, a guard of eight or ten underlings patrolled the place outside. I was waited upon by two of the local policemen who assured me what diligent care they were taking of us each night, which is the Chinese way of asking for a tip, and of course being Chinese I promised one. All these days I was kept

busy sitting with the numbers of natives who came to see me, chiefly out of curiosity, I think. We were now the principal topic of talk in the city and many came to assure themselves that we had not run away, as it was so persistently rumoured. Others again advised us to leave for a time, either to go into Shansi or else to the coast, offering to procure mules or carts if we needed them. The special messenger returning from Shuenteh brought word that on Sunday, June 25th, the people there assumed a very riotous attitude, gathering a crowd, shouting, etc., but that they had dispersed quietly and our friends there did not anticipate any serious trouble just then. On June 27th and 28th the Shansi couriers of our own and other missions called at Huailuh as usual, *en route* to Paotingfu, but by Saturday, June 30th, they had all returned, having only been able to get about two-thirds of the way there. The roads were guarded by Boxers, and any one found carrying foreign letters was killed on the spot. One courier belonging to the Catholics at Chengtingfu had been killed that week and later we heard that several others had shared the same fate. We were now cut off from any communication with Paoting except by telegraph and we realized that the danger was coming nearer to us, as Ting Chan, where the couriers were murdered, was only about sixty miles from Huai-luh. On Saturday, June 30th, an abundant rain commenced, which lasted more or less for three days and was sufficient to allow the later autumn grains to be sown, thus saving our district at least from the long dreaded famine. The character of the rain too led us to hope that it must have fallen over a very wide area. When at last the rain came, after long continued prayer and the strain of waiting, we could not keep back tears of thankfulness and perhaps from this little incident something may be gathered of what those days had meant.

Our ladies and the children when the storm approached were in the garden and the first peal of thunder attracted the attention of the little ones

who ran to Miss Gregg clapping their hands in delight crying, "Oh, auntie! its thundering." "The rain's coming! Praise the Lord!"

We had a series of praise meetings that day and the Sunday following for the Lord's goodness in graciously remembering His people and these poor Chinese.

We trusted that now our troubles were past and rejoiced that the people would be all busy on their land and more peaceful times were at hand.

On Monday, July 2nd, I found a man willing to attempt to reach Paotingfu by a circuitous route with one letter secreted in his clothing. He was about to start, but the rain coming on again he decided to wait until the next day. Just then I was led to send a note round to the telegraph office, asking the clerk, with whom I was on friendly terms, if he had any news from Paotingfu or T'aiyuenfu. Our little household were at prayer when the messenger returned with a reply from the telegraph clerk to this effect:—"He had just learned on the wires that all the mission premises in Paotingfu had been destroyed the previous day, and all the foreigners killed except two ladies who had been carried into the district yamen, and that many natives both Protestant and Catholic had perished." The Lord Himself gave the grace for receiving this sad news. I tried to believe that it might not be true and immediately wrote out a wire to Mr. Bagnall, asking if all was well. Word was sent back from the office that the wires had just been cut somewhere between Huai-luh and Paotingfu, but they hoped to have it repaired quickly. Early next day, Tuesday, July 3rd, a reply came to the effect that there was "no receiver" at the China Inland Mission for my message. I then sent a wire to Shanghai with the information as I had first received it from the telegraph clerk. In the afternoon I wrote two hurried letters to send off special messengers, one south to Shuentehfu and one west to Sheo-yang, with the sad news from Paotingfu.

The same afternoon about 3 o'clock I was waited upon by two policemen

for the promised tip to give the men who had been on night duty round our house. It appears that a local ne'er-do-well, seeing these two public men enter our place, had his curiosity aroused and he said, "What are you going to the foreign devils for? I'll go with you!" They, not wishing their business to be known, hustled him off, and would not let him come in. The mischievous fellow, I suppose out of spite, went running all round the city, and suburbs shouting, "They have set fire to the foreigners' place, such a lark, come along." A people who had been worked up to such pitch of excitement for two or three months needed much less than that to cause a rush and a crowd, so that the police were only just nicely clear off the place when we were surrounded by a shouting, howling mob, who began to throw stones at the front door and in other ways became very rowdy. With all that had passed during the last few weeks to unnerve us, and our hearts still numb by the terrible news from Paoting, it will be understood what an ordeal this was to us.

My dear wife and Miss Gregg remained in the inner court with the two children and I stayed near the front. Leaving there for a moment to encourage the ladies, I returned to find that our men servants, with true Chinese excitability, had opened the front door and were quarrelling and expostulating with some of the foremost of the crowd. I quickly got them inside again, shut and barred the door, remaining on the alert just within. I think the attitude of the crowd was more sport and curiosity to see what would happen than anything of a desperate nature, and I found that those immediately near the door were only children and youths. The grown-ups having withdrawn a few paces away were urging on the young folk to yell and throw stones, etc. I was led to go out alone and face the crowd, and ask them what the excitement was about. I dared not let the natives go with me, knowing that with their excitable nature there would soon have been higher words and perhaps blows. The crowd fell back and many

of them looked very sheepish as I went forward. But I found in trying to talk with them that very soon, one more evil disposed than the rest came to the front, and by turning my words upside down tried to make out that I was cursing them, thus bringing the laugh of the crowd upon me. One or two of the more friendly then cried out, "Go back, teacher, it's all right; we are going to scatter now." So I returned, but it was quite dark before the crowd had all dispersed and quiet was restored again.

Shortly after our landlord called and stayed till near midnight, as he did again the following night, paying a third visit on the Thursday morning. Pretending to be anxious for our safety he urged us to leave, but his many and varied suggestions, as to what we should do, and where we should go, only proved that it was his property and not our lives he was so desirous to save. One can scarcely understand what an additional strain these interviews were at such a time.

Troops had been passing Huai-luh for several days going North, it was said "to stop the Russians" who had invaded the empire from that quarter, and now came word that the Governor of Shansi (Yuhsien) was on his way down with soldiers and a company of Boxers, that they had already reached Tai-yuan fu, and were likely to cause trouble at any stations on the way. This official being a well known sympathiser with the Boxer movement, and learning from the telegraph office that the Catholic Missions at Tai-yuan fu had been burnt down, and some foreigners killed, we began to consider the advisability of seeking a place of retreat, where we could hide until he and his followers had passed through. A temple keeper, a few days previous, voluntarily offered us a room in his temple on a mountain near by. We sent a man to see the place, and make arrangements for our going if we decided to leave our home.

The next day, Thursday, July 5th, the tension increased. One after another came to urge us to hide. I sent out a man to gather any information he could from travellers coming down

from the west, knowing that the troops only march about twenty miles a day and the ordinary traveller would soon be two or three days a head. The whole city seemed to be in a fever. About 3 o'clock came a very unexpected blow.

A man arrived and was quickly ushered into my office, where I soon gathered that he was from Shuen-teh-fu, that our mission there had been rioted on June 30th; everything was destroyed or stolen and that the friends had escaped at midnight with just what they stood in, to a village 12 miles away in the mountains, both the Hsien and Fu Magistrates refusing to see Mr. Griffith or have anything to do with them. He brought word too that Mr. Glover and family, in endeavouring to return to Lu-an from Shuen-teh, had been stopped and robbed, even the hired mules being taken off by the crowd; the nearest Hsien magistrate had refused to have anything to do with the case. We heard later however that they had been sent on officially to Lu-an-fu. This man also brought us news that the L. M. S. Station at Hsiao-chang had been destroyed, but he did not know how the foreigners had fared. While he was yet talking to me, the man I sent out came in to say that a traveller from Shan-si had just told him the Sheo-yang Mission premises were destroyed. This was the nearest Station west of us, about three days journey, and now we went to God in prayer for guidance; all the nearest stations around us, N., S., E. and W. were destroyed; the Shan-si governor and his troops were expected either on the morrow or the next day. So we were led to gather a few things together, just a change of clothes, etc., to leave the house under cover of night, and take refuge in our hiding-place on the mountain.

About 10 p.m. we sent off three men with bedding, a few cooking utensils, provisions, etc., and just about midnight we, carrying the sleeping children, with one servant attending, set off for our three mile walk and mountain climb. It would be difficult to describe all we felt as we made our way over the rough roads in the dark,

and it was just beginning to show signs of dawn when we reached the gateway of our retreat, tired and sick at heart, but realising our God to be "A very present help in trouble," and that we were suffering for His sake. Nearly an hour passed before the temple keeper came to unlock the door and let us in. On unpacking our things we were distressed to find the oil stove on which we relied to make food had been broken; it was some time before I could make it usable, and we could get some refreshment. To our dismay, too, we found that the slightest sounds travelled most distinctly in these echoing hills and valleys; we could hear the conversation of the men working in the fields several hundred feet below, and we knew that any sounds we made could be heard by them, so that it was one long strain all day to keep the children quiet in case our presence there should become known. There were temples too on the face of the mountain opposite, just across the valley, where lived priests and their labourers, and we had to be very cautious when coming outside of our room lest we should be seen.

The first day we saw no one from the outside world; much time was spent in prayer that God would guide us, and if possible bring us quickly through this troublous time and enable us to return to our home. We left three natives in charge of the house, with orders to hold the fort as long as possible, and one was to come up on the Saturday night, bringing us provisions and any further news of the situation. The temples, a small living room in connection with which we occupied, were very rarely visited by worshippers, except during the 4th moon, which was a gala day there. The court-yard door was kept locked, so that any one visiting the place must go to our friend the keeper for the key, and he always accompanied them. Thus we had an arrangement with him, that he should give us warning of his approach, so that we could shut our door, and keep quiet until they had gone again. On our second day there, we had a fright. Towards evening, the oil for our cooking lamp having run short, Miss Gregg and I ventured into another building used as

a kitchen, where there was a lot of sticks and dried grass, and tried to boil the kettle gipsy-fashion. While thus employed and with the door wide open, two men came by and went along into one of the temples to worship. They made no signs whatever that they saw us, so we, hoping they had not noticed, slipped quietly into our retreat, while they were burning incense, and remained there until they had gone again. Alas, this was the beginning of trouble for us, but trouble which our God turned into the means of our escape from death, as will be seen as I tell the sequel. It appears that the temple-keeper's mother was very ill, and he having to go off to the city seeking medical help for her his younger brother, who was not in the secret, brought up a worshipper who came along at the time; hence we had no warning of their approach. The worshipper, a man from the North suburb of the city, had seen us, and upon his return soon set the rumour afloat that the foreign devils were hiding in the temples on "Lien-hua-shan" (Lotus Mountain.) The effect of this rumour did not reach us for a day or two, so I will go on to describe our experiences consecutively.

About midnight on this day, Saturday, July 7th, our cook came with two inquirers, bringing us provisions and news which filled our hearts with *dismay*; it would have been despair, but we had our Heavenly Father with us, and through this and all our subsequent trials we have realised His constant and keeping power. Our house had been looted by the rabble that day, and we were now practically homeless. This not only meant the loss of our all, but also the belongings of Miss Gregg and our fellow-worker, Mrs. Cameron, who was away in Chefoo. The Master had given us an opportunity to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods for His Sake.

It seems that after we left, the servants thought it well to gather the things together as much as possible, and even went so far as to remove several boxes, under cover of dark on Friday night, and deposited them in their homes. On the Saturday morn-

ing two of them went next door to interview the landlord. They told him we had gone away for a time, and asked his help in keeping the place intact. Upon this, the landlord, professing to be in full sympathy, came round to our houses and at once advised that they should completely clear the three dwelling buildings of the main court, stowing away the things in the two rooms through at the back, the idea being to throw the place open to any who might come about, when word of our flight got round, and let them see that we had really gone and the place was empty. So they set about the work, our three men, the landlord, his brother and their partner. All our foreign padlocks were removed from the doors and some considerable amount of stuff was already stowed away at the back when one suspicious character after another began to arrive. Thicker and faster they came, and the affair soon developed into a general riot, every one making off with what they could lay hands on. The whole thing was planned by the landlord; he had been on the roof the night before watching our men removing the things. Now he locked the two back rooms with his own locks, ordered off our servants and would not let them touch another thing. At an ordinary time this could not have happened, but if it is understood what a state the country was in, what an anti-foreign spirit there was abroad, how the news of the wholesale murder of foreigners and the destruction of Mission property was rife, how the Boxers were doing their terrible work under the patronage of the Dowager-Empress and a certain party of the Government, how the officials were all afraid to show favour to foreigners and quite unable to give them any protection, then it will be seen what an easy matter it had become.

The mandarin, who would know quite well what was going on, took no step to prevent it. Some may wonder why I had not sought his protection instead of ourselves finding a place of retreat, and why I left without letting him know, but since my last communication with him the Government

had taken a step which effectually prevented the officials from in any way defending or befriending foreigners. The Boxers had been officially recognized by the Peking authorities and some of their leaders promoted to the highest ranks and grades. They were now being used with the regular army in the effort to exterminate all foreigners and check the advance of European forces at Tientsin. Knowing this, I thought it no use to make his position more difficult and run the risk of its getting abroad that he refused to do anything for us. Now, however, I was led to go to him, as privately as possible, to see if he could do anything for us, or at least get his advice, which I felt would be friendly. I impressed upon the servants and the two enquirers who brought the news the importance of finding a more permanent and safer hiding-place, where if possible we could remain until this trouble was past, feeling that this state of things could not continue long. To move far away was out of the question as the districts all round were worse than our own immediate neighbourhood. Sunday, July 8th, was a day of much sadness and perplexity, but again we proved the promise "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Towards evening I set off for the city, but, as I had anticipated, the mandarin was powerless to help me. He did not even come into the room to see me, our conversation being carried on through the Secretary who had been to our house twice. Explaining why he could now do nothing for us, he asked me to remember what he had done a week or two previously as an indication of what he would do if possible. He too was afraid of the Boxers. Several officials known to have pro-foreign tendencies had been killed by them, and already a report was about that he had taken a bribe of Tls. 700 from me. If I could myself find some hiding-place away in the mountains for a time, it was the best thing that could be done under the circumstances. He sent a strong guard of underlings to escort me out of the city and help me to get quietly away again. An enormous crowd had

gathered outside the Yamen when it became known that I was there, but we gave them the slip. The few score who gathered at our heels before we got to the city gate were held back there by part of the escort and I was able to get away without any molestation, arriving at the Temple about 11 p.m. By the next day, Monday, July 9th, the report that we were living at "Lien-hua-shan" had reached the village near, which really had control of the mountain and its temples. There was quickly an uproar: the big gong was beaten round the village to call the inhabitants together. A council was held at which it was decided to send a representative to see if we were really there, and if so to order us off at once, or they would come that night in force and turn us out. About 3 o'clock this man arrived at the Temple in company with one of the priests. We were resting at the time and were suddenly alarmed by the sound of footsteps. The priest showed more or less kindness, but the man from the village was a real bully, and looked as though he would like to lay hands on us then and there. I quietly assured them that I would gather our things together and go at once. They then left us and we were face to face with the fact that go we must; but where?

Our first impulse was to turn to our Father, and we poured out our hearts before Him, the "God of deliverances;" then with trembling faith, looking to Him to open a way, we set about packing up all we now possessed of this world's goods. We could not communicate with our friends in the city, and as for the Temple-keeper, who had promised to visit us daily, we knew not what had become of him, as we had seen nothing of him since our arrival. Having the two children to carry, we knew but little else could be taken with us, and not knowing where we might get the next meal we were all just trying to choke down some food when the keeper himself arrived. He first told us why he had not visited us; his mother had died the day before, and he had been unable to leave her. Since then he had been making funeral

arrangements. The priest had proved his friendliness by going at once to him, telling our position and urging him to try and help us out of it. We knew that our prayer was answered as soon as we saw him coming, and our hearts overflowed with thankfulness to God as he said, "Don't be afraid, I have another place for you; it is a natural cave high up on the face of this mountain; plenty of room inside but a very small entrance; very few know of its existence; you will be perfectly safe there until they can find you a better place."

Shouldering a giant's share of our things, he then led the way; we carried a load, and dear Vera trotted alongside over the difficult stony pathway. The last 300 feet was a steep trackless climb, and the children had to be carried up, but after two or three trips we were all sitting breathless in His own "Cleft in the rock." Promising to go to the city next day, and let our servants know where we were, and indicating a spot right away down at the foot of the mountain where I could get water, he left us. On inspecting our new home we found how damp it was; only one small place on the ground, 5 feet by 3, seemed really dry, and here we spread our bedding-bag. Certainly it was beautifully cool, after the intense heat outside of the hottest month of the year, but we realised how injurious to health any prolonged stay there would be.

It was now about 6 p.m., and we partook of some food, the children asking piteously for a drink. We could only promise that they should have some water as soon as it was dark enough for father to go down and fetch it.

The last words on little John's lips as he fell asleep were "I'm so thirsty." About 10 p.m. I ventured to creep out and climb down to the stream; unfortunately none of our utensils would hold more than about a quart; so taking a kettle and small bucket I made a successful trip, finding that it was quite as much as I could manage to climb up with. After a rest I made a second trip and secured enough for our needs the next day.

When the news reached the city next day that the village people had turned us out of the Temple, our servants and friends were filled with dismay. Not having the least trace of us, they could only guess that we had not gone far owing to the children and the effects. So five or six of them set out and searched nearly all day in every nook and cave they could find. When the man went to the cook's house to tell him our hiding-place, he, poor fellow, was out searching for us and the messenger dared not leave word with anyone else. The search party had separated in order to cover more ground, and some remained until dark in their vain effort to find us. One of them, an inquirer, met a gang of eight or ten armed men who said, "Are you looking for the foreign devils too?" Others of the party had seen the same gang, and later on we learned they were a band of Boxers. The Governor of Shansi had only travelled some 20 miles from T'aiyuen-fu, his capital, when he was recalled on urgent business, but the troops and Boxers had come on and arrived at Huailuh that very day. Hearing that our house was empty, and that we were hiding on the "Lienhua Shan," a party of them tried to find us, and even searched the temple we had left the day before! We were hidden alike from friend and foe, for when He hides none can find till He Himself show the way. This was the first of our wonderful deliverances from death, for they certainly would have killed us had we fallen into their hands. ()

Late in the afternoon our cook returned to his home tired and hungry. When told that a man of a certain description had called to see him, he knew it was the temple keeper, and it flashed upon him that in some way he knew of our whereabouts; so, only waiting to get food, he set off again to the keeper's home, who about 10 p.m. brought him along to our hiding-place. What a meeting! How we praised God together! The lad had carried with him a big stone bottle of Chinese tea and some eatables, and also the good news that on the Monday he with our servant had been into the

country and found out what seemed to be a splendid retreat for us. It was too late then to arrange for our removal that night, but he promised to come the next night, with three or four others, and help us move to our third home, about three miles away. The two days spent in this cave were truly a trial to our faith. After sleeping the one night there, we all felt the cold; chilled to the bone we sat huddled together covered with rugs; our food supply was very meagre, in fact by mid-day on the Wednesday we had very little left. But the God who sent the ravens to Elijah sent us a feast of unleavened cakes and cucumbers by the hand of a man who had one time been in our employ; his village was near, and he was friendly with the temple-keeper. Succeeding in learning from him our hiding-place, he brought these cakes, just when we were feeling very hungry, and offered to take us into his home if we would go. Picture the little company sitting round in that dimly lighted cave, a dough cake in one hand and a cucumber in the other! I assure you we needed not to pray "for what we are about to receive make as truly thankful"! The children especially felt the restraint of these two days. We dared not let them speak above a whisper, for there were shepherds with flocks of sheep on the mountain side nearly the whole of the time. With thankfulness too deep for words, we welcomed our relief party who, with us, could hardly keep back the tears of emotion and joy.

Six men came so that we might be relieved from every burden. With Vera on the back of one and John asleep in the arms of another, the long single file moved on. A bright full moon made the progress easier, though not so safe, and all were very glad when we reached the place about 1.30 a.m., without having been seen by any one.

We found a nice clean little room prepared for us, such as one rarely sees in a Chinese farm-house. The principal value of this place as a refuge was the fact of its standing alone, the nearest village being a mile away, and

hidden from view by hills. These single houses are very rare in this part of China. The household consisted of Mr. Kao, his wife, two little girls, and his elder brother. Arrangements had been made that they should cook for us, it being impracticable for us to have anything but Chinese food now. Receiving us very kindly, our landlord assured us that he intended to take good care of us and nothing should be left undone that could possibly lessen the trials of our imprisonment there; although we found out afterwards that he did not know the seriousness of our position. A splendid watchdog was an additional advantage. No one was allowed to get nearer than hearing distance without there being a vigorous warning. So here we have a house alone, completely shut off on all sides by mountains, out of sight and hearing of the nearest village, and a clean room; a strong-minded landlord, respected and feared by all the near villagers; a clean woman who could cook Chinese food admirably, and two little children about the same age as our own, whose laugh or cry would be a set-off against any similar noise our bairns might make; a good watchdog, and a household of one mind to keep the fact of our presence there a secret.

Surely this must be owned as the Lord's provision for us. There were disadvantages, however, for the hillsides all around were terraced and under cultivation, and this being a busy time on the land our court-yard was overlooked all day. Thus we were obliged to remain in the room and could only take air and exercise after dusk, when the toilers had gone over the hills to their villages. The well, too, being the only one in the valley, was constantly used by those who were working on their land, and only a very thin wall, through which the slightest sound could be heard separated this well from our room; thus many times a day we were obliged to keep perfect silence. Then, again, they often came to borrow some implement, or to chat with the landlord; and although he did his best to get rid of them quickly, all this tended to make the restraint under which we were placed more trying and difficult.

It was here, however, that for the next four weeks we learned many precious lessons from our Master, and enjoyed much of His loving kindness and fellowship.

On the night following our arrival, two of our men came to bring provisions, and a reply telegram from Shanghai, in which anxiety for the safety of our Station was expressed, and for that at Shuen-teh. I had to reply that both stations were already rioted, and gave some idea of the danger and difficulty of our present position.

Very few nights passed, especially during the earlier part of our stay, without our men coming either with provisions or news of some kind; and though daily we hoped for an improvement in the situation, things seemed to go from bad to worse. Not very long after he had got rid of us, the landlord of our house in Huai-luh, now under his true colours, invited a teacher of the Boxers to the place, and soon a School of some twenty men and youths were in full possession of our premises, learning the mysteries of "Boxerism," which is the art of becoming invulnerable to knife or bullet and a fit subject to be possessed by demons. From time to time we heard of different Mission stations being destroyed. Through the kindness of the clerk, I kept in touch with the telegraph office, though the wires were repeatedly cut in both directions. A message I sent to P'ing-iao, one of our Shansi Stations, was returned after nine days delay with the words "No receiver" on it. This, with the terrible rumours of what was taking place in Shansi, although we could learn nothing definite, convinced us that the awful persecution was spreading in that province also, and kept us constantly in prayer for our friends there.

Again, as though to add sorrow upon sorrow, some of those who had helped us in our exile, falling under the temptation of the evil one, sought to gain advantages to themselves at our expense and serious injury. Sickness too came to test us. Miss Gregg had a very bad attack of dysentery which lasted about a week.

My dear wife passed through nearly three weeks of great suffering with abscesses in her ear, whilst I myself was troubled more or less with neuralgia and indigestion nearly the whole time. Only the Lord Himself enabled us in the midst of so much suffering both of body and mind to bear the constant strain of answering and quieting the dear children.

The messenger who first brought word of the riot at Shuentehfu had promised to return within a fortnight and let us know how our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and Mr. Brown, fared; but as time passed there was no news of them, and we were thinking of sending to enquire, when we were startled one night to hear from our cook that they were in Huailuh, having arrived the same evening. After spending a fortnight in the mountains, they were turned away by the villagers, their money was all gone, and being practically destitute they walked back to Shuen-teh Fu in the night, and demanded protection from the chief official there. He promised to escort them to a place of safety and was sending them through into Shansi. Had there been time to get there and back before daylight, I would have gone to the inn to see them, but we could only send them a few of our things with a letter of sympathy, and follow them with our prayers as we heard of their destitute condition and the ill-health of Mrs. Griffith and her baby. The dread uncertainty of their destination, and the fear that in going west they were only going from bad to worse, seemed almost more than we could bear. Four days later, as a further surprise, word came that they were again in Huailuh. It appears that when they reached P'ingting Chco, about 70 miles away, the official there would not allow them to be sent back to Shuen-teh. He told them that Mr. Pigott of the Shco-yang Mission, 30 miles further on, had been killed by Boxers, and that it was almost certain death to proceed. This was indeed the Lord's deliverance for our friends, and we praised Him for it. On arriving at Chengtingfu, 20 miles east of Huailuh, Mrs. Griffith was very ill,

and, as to continue travelling by cart seemed risking her life, they decided to accept an invitation to go into the Roman Catholic Mission there, which was still untouched, thus we were able to correspond with them and know of each other's welfare.

With the third week of our stay at the farm came a new trouble. It began to be whispered abroad in the villages that we were there. This led our host to prepare a place for us in case of emergency. By cutting a passage way through the cliff that the house was built against, he joined one of the smaller rooms off the kitchen with two tumble down caves at the back of the building, which had once been used as dwellings. Leaving only a very small entrance on the house side, and no one but ourselves knowing of its existence, it could easily be concealed. The doors and windows of the caves were walled up, only leaving a very small hole to admit a little air and light, and the only means of entrance was by the secret passage from the kitchen. With but a very short warning, we and our belongings could all be hidden, so that anyone searching the place would search in vain. But of course the caves were too damp and dark for us to stay any length of time there. Even with this additional security, we thought it advisable to seek another retreat. One of our inquirers urged us to go to his home, about 40 miles south, and we had a very warm invitation from the R.C. Bishop at Chengtingfu to join the friends there. It was on Thursday morning, Aug. 10, while we were in the very act of talking about these two offers and seeking to know our Lord's will for us, that the decision was suddenly taken from us and we found ourselves in the hands of a band of armed Boxers. Warning was given that several men were approaching, and we quickly hid ourselves in the cave, while the woman covered the entrance with household chattels. The inquirer mentioned above, Mr. Keng, who was there at the time, joined us in the cave and listened near the opening so that we might know what was

going on. Soon the tramping of many footsteps and loud altercations could be heard. (Mr. Keng came to tell us in awed whispers that a number of Boxers were searching for us.)

We felt that, if they had any reliable information that we were there, they would soon intimidate the farmer into revealing our hiding-place. Escape was hopeless. We were walled in securely; the only exit there was was through the house now being looted and searched. Looking up to our God, whose own peace garrisoned our hearts, we waited with bated breath to hear if they should discover the concealed doorway. The footsteps came nearer, the voices grew louder, there was a banging of utensils, then a shout of triumph! (

With one voice we lifted up our hearts crying "Thou art worthy." We thought of the dear children whose piteous queries, "Will they kill us?" "Are they going to kill now?" pierced deeper than any Boxer's knife, and we told them that very soon we should be with Jesus, and I was led to go out and plead with those men for the lives of the ladies and little ones.

Groping my way along the passage, I stooped and lifted the curtain which covered the hole and was just creeping through when one of them fired at me. By the dull heavy thud on my head I knew I was wounded, and was conscious of falling through the entrance, then rising to my feet I seemed to spin round two or three times in the room, then I leaned against the wall for support. As I did so, I saw through the open door several Boxers run across the court-yard and heard one shout, "All get outside and on the roof." The blood was now streaming down my face, but clearing my eyes with my handkerchief I saw one of them on the roof opposite just firing at me. It was an old flint-lock and just flashed in the pan and missed fire. Then two others appeared further along on the roof, armed with guns, who sought to aim at me through the windows and doorways as I staggered from room to room, scarcely knowing what I was doing. I think I was looking for a way of escape.

Then I made my way back into the cave and said to my wife, "They have shot me in the head, dearie; 'tis certain death for us, only a matter of time now. We are not worthy, but He is worthy." Soon after, Mr. Keng left the cave. They knew they had us safe and had not been watching the entrance, and as they did not know he was with us he managed to conceal himself in one of the other rooms and escaped when all had left. Fearing we might be armed, they dared not venture into the dark unknown passage, and now we heard them battering in the recently walled up doorway of the cave from the fields outside. Some few bricks were removed, letting the full light in upon us, and we retreated into the darkness of the second cave. Then the battering ceased, and soon the farmer himself came through the passage and joined us. Poor fellow! his face was a terrible picture of fear. He told us how they had robbed the place of everything moveable worth taking away, and now threatened to set fire to the house unless he could persuade us to come out of the cave. They promised not to kill or injure us in any way, but would take us to the local Magistrate and let him do what he liked with us. This was so far removed from any known Boxer policy that we were sure it was only a ruse of the farmer to save his property. To die in the cave or outside in the yard was all the same to us, and if the man's house could be saved why should we prolong this terrible waiting? So we sent Mr. Kao to tell them that we would come out into the yard, and, after briefly committing each other to our Faithful Creator, made our way through to the kitchen. Not a soul could be seen through the open doorway, but as I stepped on the threshold I saw a man standing on each side against the wall, with their huge ghastly swords uplifted. Stepping back for a moment to tell the ladies to be prepared, I walked out with one of the children in my arms, the ladies following with the other child.

We were immediately seized and those great knives brandished over our heads. Then the word was given,

"Bring them round to the back," and they dragged us out of the court, round the buildings and up an embankment leading on to the flat roofs of the north rooms. Here, without releasing us or removing the swords from our necks, they demanded to know what things we had and where they could find them. Seeing the distress of the children they told us to tell them that they would not kill us. Having secured all that was left of our clothing, bedding, etc., they proceeded to search our persons, even to the tearing off of my wife's wedding-ring, keeper and spectacles. The only thing Miss Gregg had with her was a small Bible which she was led to slip into her pocket as we left the cave. It was examined by two or three of them; then, although divided in opinion, the leader handed it back and said she might keep it, adding, "If you read that you can get to heaven."

Thus our gracious God made provision for His children, and this little treasure, positively the only thing we now possessed, beyond the few clothes we were wearing, has been an untold help, blessing and constant comfort to us through the rest of our trials. "I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food." Once on a later occasion it was taken from us, but He prevented its destruction, and after six days' wanderings it was again restored.

Much to our surprise, having secured all the booty, they led us off to the city as promised, and actually hired two men to carry the children, seeing how weak I was from loss of blood and that our progress was too slow.

What a procession! The villagers had turned out "en masse" on the surrounding hills and saw us led away, each overshadowed by those awful knives, while those who carried fire-arms walked in the rear. About half way we met the local school of Boxers, who I suppose had not yet graduated sufficiently to take part in the more active business, but who could in this way share in the glory of taking us to the city. With them came our landlord, bringing a supply of water-melons for the loyal fellows who in the

Emperor's name were ridding the district of these dreadful foreigners. As I passed quite close by him he hid his face with his hand, no doubt hoping that I should not recognise him. Leaving the road leading to the nearest city gate, they took us along by the North wall towards the East suburb, and when I overheard them say they were going to our own home my heart failed me, as I felt sure it must be their intention to kill us there; once in their hands no foreigner had ever been known to escape. I knew too, from the dialect, that these men came from the Paotingfu district and shuddered as I imagined they were probably part of the company who killed all the dear missionaries there, including our own Mr. W. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and their little girl.

There was real sympathy on the part of many in the enormous crowds lining the streets as we passed along, and among them was the tear-stained face of our own serving women, to whom Miss Gregg shouted as we passed, "We are not afraid, God is with us!"

On arriving at the familiar doorway, the crowd was held back and not allowed to enter, while we were taken up into the dining room and the door was immediately fastened. The uncertainty and suspense were terrible, but when they proceeded to examine and wipe their swords, I said to the ladies, "They are going to kill us now." Then word was given that all should repair to the back for worship (this plays an important part in the Boxer propaganda), and we were left alone in the room, with the doors securely fastened. Seeing an empty bedstead in the inner room, we passed through, and were very thankful to sit down after our three mile walk in the hot sun.

What a wreck our home looked! With unswept courts, broken windows, and bare empty rooms!

The dear children were soon asking innumerable questions as to what had become of this and that. Now the door opens and a man enters, the sight of whom fills my heart with hope; he was one of the local policemen. After some commonplace talk, he

managed to whisper in my ear. "Don't fear, there are several of us here on the alert, and the mandarin will be here directly."

Could it be that after all they were handing us over to the official, as they said?

The joy of life given back and deep thankfulness to God began to fill our hearts. Truly this was as a cup of cold water to the fasting soul; the fainting body too was very grateful for the pot of water handed through the broken window by some one who heard the children crying for a drink. When the official arrived we were formally handed over to him by the spokesman of the Boxer party, now dressed up with fan and gown, and using language which proved him to be an educated man.

Without much delay we were escorted outside and a new procession formed. Besides his ordinary retinue, the Mandarin had now an additional bodyguard of about 200 soldiers who were also used as a kind of city guard, and had been enlisted on account of the troubled state of the Empire. We walked between this long single file followed by the official chair and all the underlings, through the suburb and eastern gate, to the Yamen in the middle of the city.

Thousands lined the streets, and although I was now too faint and giddy to care, this walk to the Yamen was a great trial to the ladies. The Mandarin blamed me for not having sought him earlier, that he might have sent us away before this trial came upon us! When I tried to remind him that I had sought his protection, he immediately talked about something else. As this was before all his staff and he had his "face" to save, and as I knew how helpless he was, I did not press the matter.

He said he would send us to Chengtingfu on the morrow, hoping the Bishop there would receive us, failing which we should be escorted from city to city up to Paotingfu, and the Governor of the Province would find some means to enable us to leave the country and return to our own land.

Having already received an invitation from the Bishop, we thought of no Paotingfu or elsewhere.

He then gave orders that a lodging should be found for us within the Yamen precincts for safety, and we were accordingly led off to a small temple, professedly the only available place they had.

The relief of finding ourselves really out of the hands of the Boxers, and the deep thankfulness in our hearts to God for this second deliverance from death, coupled with the hope of soon seeing our friends in Chengtingfu, enabled us to look more lightly on the hardships of our surroundings.

On examining my wounds, we found that it was a full charge of No. 1 shot that I had received, and owing to my peculiar stooping position at the time my head, face, shoulder, arms and back had all taken their share. As blood, hair and clothing were now firmly clotted, we decided to leave it so until we reached Chengtingfu, where I could get proper surgical dressing and treatment. I suffered terribly that night, which we spent on some reed mats spread on the damp floor of the temple. Praise God, the dear children slept, but the pain, stiffness, and dread of the twenty miles jolt in a cart the next day were more than enough to keep me from sleep. How one longed for a soft pillow for the poor wounded head, but the only one I had was a couple of bricks. Every now and then the blood all seemed to flow to my head and I was obliged to get my wife and Miss Gregg to help me up and walk with me up and down the place for some relief. We were out very soon after daylight and had not been long in the yard when dear Mrs. Liu, our woman, arrived. She had tried the night before but could not get to us, and had been waiting outside the Yamen since long before dawn, hoping for an opportunity to see us. She had been told by neighbours that we had been executed in the prison, and that we died singing hymns. Her reply was, "I do not fear, our God is with them." The interview was most touching: she took up the two children in her arms with a

loving tenderness rarely seen in this people; and when leaving she embraced and kissed my wife and Miss Gregg, regardless of all onlookers. Her calm strong faith in God and loving helpful words, with the recollection of others in our little flock, enabled us to share St. Paul's joy when glorying in his Corinthian converts. "I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation." Returning home she sent us a thick wadded Chinese coverlet to spread in our cart, with some fruit and cakes for the children. By about 7 a.m. we had left the city; the country was looking beautiful, especially to us after our month's imprisonment. The rains had only just come when we left our home, and the whole plain was bare and barren; now it was a picture, with its luxuriant crops and trees. When about five miles out, a new trial came to us; the band of Paotingfu Boxers overtook us! Each was carrying a bundle of the booty taken, and some were even wearing our garments. Although they did not actually keep alongside, they overtook us and we passed them again two or three times during the remaining fifteen miles of the way. When we stopped for lunch at the ten mile stage, they were at the same inn also taking food. The Lord wonderfully strengthened me for the journey and, though I suffered considerably, I was a marvel to myself and others.

On arriving at the East Gate of the city, we saw a large crowd gathered, and several Yamen people about. The cart was stopped and the official papers concerning us handed over by our escort. Then followed a long wait while the papers were taken to the Yamen. It was early afternoon, and the fierce sun, with the great crowd swarming almost on the cart, made the heat unbearable; but there we sat, bathed in perspiration, travel-stained and dishevelled, gazed upon by a continually moving stream of curious ones for two hours. It was during this trying wait, when we expected every minute to be taken into the city and to the Mission House where we should see our friends, that the Lord gave to

my wife this text, "Delivering thee from the people unto whom now I send thee"; and in the eve that day, as we sat momentarily expecting death, was given to Miss Gregg the promise, "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." These two remarkable texts, seemingly so inappropriate at the time, were used of God through all our later experiences to keep us in the assurance that it was His purpose to save us, and over and over again He led us to remind Him of His own word.

A stir in the crowd, and way was made for a military officer who told us not to fear, we were being sent home to our own country. Then word was given to drive on to the North suburb, but still outside the city. Even yet we never dreamed we were not to be allowed to enter, but thought they feared the crowd and so would escort us to the suburb nearest the Roman Catholic Mission, and then take us there under cover of night. Once at the inn, I thankfully lay down to rest, but alas! not for long. We were soon to be undeceived, for a man from the Yamen came to say we had better hurry up and order some food, as another cart was already waiting in the yard to take us on the next stage of our journey to Paotingfu!

In vain I pleaded that we had hoped to go to the R.C. Mission, that it was certain death to send us to Paotingfu where the foreigners had already been killed, and that many places on the way were full of Boxers; also that it was inhuman to send a wounded man such as I was, with two ladies and the children, without a rest, to travel far into the night. He declared that I could rest as long as I liked at the next stage, which was only a village, but go on we must. The officials were afraid of the Boxers who accompanied us, they too being forbidden to enter the city.

It was useless to say more. I was only talking to an underling, and we were entirely at the mercy of these people. We ordered food and tried to take some, knowing there would be none during the next stage.

The Mandarin at Huailuh had given me 500 cash for travelling expenses, and now they brought me 1,000 from the official here for the same purpose.

Even while getting food they came again and again to hasten us. On going out to the cart, we found the Boxers' bundles and weapons piled on the back; and we knew that after all we were not out of their hands, but that although at each stage we had an official escort from the Yamen we were really in the power of the Boxers. It is useless to attempt to tell all that passed in our hearts as we got on the cart, which soon started and left the town behind. What would dear Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and Mr. Brown suffer when they heard of our passing, that Boxers were with us, and that we were being sent to Paotingfu! The Provincial Governor there had only recently issued a proclamation which declared that all foreign teachers of religion were deceivers and propagators of devilish and injurious doctrines; that all who had joined their churches must recant at once, or they and their families, man, woman and child, would be killed, their houses burned and property confiscated; that the missionaries must get back to their own countries and would be protected as they proceeded to do so. This last, as we have proved, was only an empty clause. To this man we were now being sent, barely six weeks after all the missionaries and their families had been cruelly murdered in his own city and its suburbs.

The children slept most of the way, and Fuching, the next posting station, 15 miles distant, was reached about midnight. Instead of being allowed the rest we were promised, we were transferred to another cart at once, and proceeded on our journey to Sinloh Hsien, the next stage of 23 miles, which we reached at daylight the following morning.

Here the Boxers brought us some millet soup and a few bread cakes, and we begged a drink of hot water from some of the Yamen men. After sitting in the cart for about an hour and a half, we were once more transferred to a fresh cart and started for Ting-

cheo, the next 20 mile stage. This was the place where the postman had been murdered, and all around the neighbourhood the Boxers had pillaged and burned the houses of the Roman Catholics, killing every man, woman and child they could find. It seemed so improbable that we should be allowed to pass through the place alive, that our hearts were kept lifted up to God that we might be prepared for His will whatever it might be; our desire was that He might be glorified in us, whether it were by life or by death.

The cart was stopped in the street of the South suburb of the city while some of the Boxers paid a visit to a local branch of the fraternity, and of course a great crowd gathered. As we passed along, the streets were lined on either side, the great crowd following in the rear.

Arriving at the Yamen about noon, we were very glad of the quiet afforded by the little prison room into which we were taken, and we also received some kindness from the keeper. We were no doubt an object of great interest to the half score or so of male prisoners who were chained up in the large wooden cage at one end of the room.

The keeper made us tea and lent us his boy to go and buy a couple of cheap fans, and a small piece of Chinese calico for a handkerchief, as we only had one left between us. Food also was sent for, and we were much refreshed by a rest and the little kindness received. I suppose it would be about 3 p.m. when word came that the cart was ready, and once more a start was made. Uanctu Hsien, our next stop, was 23 miles distant and the road was in a very bad condition. Heavy rain had fallen, and we were ploughing through mud and water up to the axle of the cart, for a great part of the way. Along this stage we had a proper official escort, and the Boxers were not allowed to have things quite their own way, although there were ten of them. There were six horse and six foot soldiers, besides other Yamen men. The man in charge who carried the papers was also mounted. I counted 28 in all, Boxers

included. About sunset a heavy thunderstorm gathered, but we only caught the fringe of it.

Even that was sufficient to wet most of the men through, but we were sheltered by the matting cover of the cart. It must have been near midnight when we arrived at Uangtu. Only those have travelled by cart in North China will really understand what this journey must have been to us, practically without a rest, day and night, for forty hours. God most certainly gave the strength and grace, or no ladies could have taken such a journey, to say nothing of the children and one wounded as I was.

A shake-down was made for us on the floor of the pri-on room; first a spread of straw, then a reed mat, over which we spread our coverlet. The official's head man and others with him were moved to pity to see little John, as soon as the bed was ready, get down from my knee, crawl along on to it, stretch himself out full length and immediately fall asleep.

There was a prisoner in the cage at one end of the room, and five or six men slept on the brick bed at the other. But we were too far gone to care for these things, and lying down all in a row were soon fast asleep. Neither the ladies nor I had slept since the previous Wednesday night, and this was the small hours of Sunday morning. On rising we were able to have a wash, the first since we left Huailuh. Then the head man came along to say that a train of one carriage and engine was running daily the 30 miles to Paotingfu, our last stage, and that arrangements had been made for us to go by it, as the roads were in such a bad condition. He also spoke encouragingly to us, and told us that the Emperor had issued orders for the protection of missionaries.

About 9 a.m. we left the Yamen for the station. Alas! there was a hitch somewhere, for as we came in sight the little train moved off. No one quite knew why. Some said the driver had left word he would be back soon, others said that he had gone for water. After waiting more than an hour in the hot sun, we moved on

about half a mile, to wait under the shade of some trees by a temple. A messenger went to the town to ask a few sellers of eatables to come along, and were soon refreshed by water-melon and dough cakes. It was a long weary wait sitting on the cart, but later the ladies and children were allowed to get down and sit in the shade on the grass. Hour after hour passed, until at last, about 5 p.m., word was given that we must go on by cart. This meant travelling all night, and 30 miles more of that awful jolting over bad roads. Again His grace was sought and given. The next thing to look forward to was a rest and some food while the animals were fed at a place ten miles on the way. Here we had a nice supper and the children got a little sleep.

Then, leaving again about midnight, we arrived at Paotingfu Aug. 13th, soon after daybreak, the city gates being still closed. As we waited there for the gate to be opened, it seemed to us that we understood as never before something of what our Lord must have felt as He went up to Jerusalem. Very soon we were able to enter and were taken straight to the district Yamen. Alighting from the cart, almost before I was aware of what was happening, we were separated, the ladies and children being taken to the women's lock-up, and I was marched off to the men's common prison. I found myself in a filthy yard with some twenty prisoners in various stages of dirt and wretchedness. Spreading my coverlet on the damp ground, I lay down and cried, not for the ignominy heaped upon me, but the thought of being separated from my dear wife and children at this time was unbearable. Perhaps I had lain there about half an hour when I heard a call for the "foreign man." Some one had been sent to fetch me back to the cart which was still standing where we left it. I was rejoiced to find the ladies and children already there, and looking refreshed for the hair-combing they had been able to get through the kindness of the female prison keeper.

They told us at first that we were to be taken on to the Governor's Ya-

men, but a little later I learned the truth, that the district magistrate had refused to receive either us or the official papers concerning us, and intended to send us back at once to the place we came from!

A fast increasing and excited crowd was surging about the cart, and a number of the city Boxers appeared with their guns and great swords and took up their position all around us. Not one of the Boxers or official escort who had brought us were to be seen. The heat became intense and we sat like that for at least two hours.

On first rejoining the cart, I had heard the spokesman of our Boxer party say, "There will be trouble here very shortly." To that man, under God, we undoubtedly owe our lives on this the third wonderful deliverance from death. He had gone to the mandarin and pleaded for us, showing him that we should certainly be killed as soon as we got out of the city, even if we were allowed to get that far. Ultimately the official had relented, and gave orders that we were to be received into the Yamen and he would see what could be done with us. So it came to pass that, with some considerable shouting and hustling, a way was made through the crowd for several underlings, who again took us off to our respective prisons. I had only been set down five minutes, when I was again called out and taken to have an interview with the Mandarin himself. He spoke kindly, professed sympathy with us in our distress, declared that the western Powers, including my own honourable nation, were to blame for the present state of things, having "rebelled" against the Government and taken Tientsin, but since we had come to Paotingfu, they would devise some means for protecting us. I asked as a favour that we might all be together no matter where it was, so he gave orders that a room in the women's lock-up should be cleared for us, and I was taken off to join the ladies and children there. The joy of finding ourselves together again, and the reaction after the tension, were too much for my now weakened body, and I could only lie down and cry.

It was a nice and fairly clean room we had; two women were in charge, and they went out to buy anything we needed. And now, taking this the first opportunity since I was shot, my wife and Miss Gregg set about cleaning my wounds and seeing what could be done to remove some of the pellets. With the aid of a broken-pointed penknife (found in my wife's pocket a day or two after our capture) and a needle, five or six were extracted, and at different times Miss Gregg has succeeded in getting out several others, but many were imbedded too fast and must wait for proper surgical instruments. Though troubled much by mosquitoes, we had a fair night's rest, retiring early and rising late.

The next day, Tuesday, Aug. 14th, about 10 a.m., one of the Yamen men came to say that arrangements had been made for us to be taken to Tientsin by boat, and that we were to start that day! Such a lot of running to and fro from one official to another had been going on all night about us, and everybody had been "troubling their hearts" and planning for us, with the result above mentioned.

The Mandarin sent me 1000 cash for travelling expenses; his son who came to see us, moved to pity, sent another 1000. We were advised to procure what we needed for the journey before starting, so that no risk should be run by stopping to buy on the way. By travelling day and night we should probably get there in 48 hours, with the strong current in our favour.

At 3 p.m. two carts arrived to take us to the riverside, and we were officially sent off by the Mandarin's head man and several secretaries, &c. On arriving in my own country, I was told to be sure and tell our Emperor that the Governor of the Province at some considerable trouble had sent us home!

Twelve runners with gowns and dress hats went before the carts, while several Boxers with drawn swords also acted as escort. Arriving at the riverside we were soon in the boat. Eight of the Boxers who brought us from Huailuh then came on board, with four or five of the local men, and in a little

while we were making good progress down stream.

It seemed too good to be true that we should so soon be in Tientsin and our troubles at an end. Yet our God had worked so many miracles on our behalf and we knew He was able to do this thing also. Yet, I am afraid there was some misgiving in our hearts when we saw that there was no official representative in our escort. Three miles out, the local men left the boat and we went on far into the night, anchoring in midstream for about two hours to give the boatmen a rest, then on again long before daylight.

Soon after sunrise we were passing a walled city which I remembered was thirty miles from Pao-ting Fu.

A little later, while in the act of eating our humble breakfast of dough cakes and apples, the boat stopped and was moored to the bank. Saying something which I did not quite understand, the spokesman and the leader went ashore together.

My wife cried, "O Charlie, something is wrong; do ask the other men what it is." I spoke to one of them, but he only wrung his hands and said, "This is terrible! terrible!" Then the two men returned and the leader said, "It is all a lie about your being taken to Tientsin; it is impossible to get there. The river is held by Boxers at several points on the way down, and it would be certain death for ourselves as well as for you to attempt to get through. Our orders from the Governor were to bring you so far down the river, then kill you and put you out of the way." As he spoke he pointed to his long ugly knife, which I had seen him sharpening since we left Pao-ting Fu. Then he went on to say, "We don't intend to commit such a sin; we have no quarrel with you, but you must leave the boat now and make the best of it for yourselves." They advised us to go just over the bank, which was a public pathway, and hide in the tall reeds until evening, then go west to the city we had just passed, and see what the Mandarin there would do for us. They also told us that it was our landlord at Huailuh who had sent for them to come, and

we knew that he had said that, if he could get rid of us, his house, which is mortgaged and which he cannot redeem, would again become his.

Protest was useless; we were simply stunned and as if in a dream. Gathering together our few belongings, the bedding, bundle of food, and the cloth containing our cash, part of which we left as too heavy to carry, we took the children in our arms and went ashore. Getting quickly over the embankment, we were soon out of sight among the reeds and thick undergrowth, without having been seen by any one. Making sure of being completely hidden from any who might pass along, we spread out our bedding and sat down to think and pray. Both were difficult for a time, until we had somewhat got over the shock of this sudden turn in our affairs. Slowly we began to realise that for the fourth time our God had delivered us from a cruel death, touching even the hearts of these Boxers for us, and especially, I believe, for the two dear little children. All the way from Huailuh we had maintained a quiet, respectful demeanour towards them and they played with the children, often buying them fruit, cakes, etc. Many times during the days of our hiding in the temple and cave, and at the farm house, we had said how much easier it would be without the children, but in our late experiences the Lord has undoubtedly used the children to move the hearts of our enemies, giving us favour in their eyes; thus reproving us for murmuring about them.

Only one of the Boxers, the leader, had kept himself aloof all along—a big, brutal looking man, whose face will ever live in my mind. It was he who shot me, and I feel sure that it was since leaving Pao-ting Fu that he had been made willing to let me escape. Tears came into the eyes of the spokesman, when, on stepping from the boat with John in my arms, I turned and putting my hands together in Chinese manner thanked him. We have been convinced that without a Boxer escort we should never have reached Pao-ting Fu in safety; those whom we passed on the way would certainly have attacked us. They have a kind of

"honour among thieves" that one company does not interfere in the affairs of another. Why those who captured us persisted in bringing us so far from Huailuh, unless their original designs had been over-ruled by God, we can never tell. "Blessed be the Lord. . . who only doeth wondrous things."

But to return to the little band of refugees hiding in the reeds. What a day that was! Most of it spent in prayer. At every sound of footsteps on the bank we held our breath. Asking my wife what the Lord was saying to her, she replied, "I still have my text, 'Delivering thee from the people . . . unto whom now I send thee.'" Miss Gregg's answer to the same question was, "I have been waiting all day for a little bird to bring us a letter!"

We laughed at the time, but you will hear more of this "little bird" later on. What should we do? Knowing that we were in the very heart of the Boxer country our position seemed so hopeless. Could we by offering a large reward persuade some passing boatman to conceal us under the hatches of his boat, and attempt to get to Tientsin that way? It was less than 100 miles, and down stream might be done in about 30 hours. After praying for some time over this plan, I crept back over the bank and hid myself in the reeds on the riverside, to watch the boats as they passed, hoping if I saw a likely boatman to hail him alongside and make the offer. I was soon convinced how useless it was in the daylight to attempt to do such a thing without being detected. There was a constant passing to and fro along the bank, and the boats on the river were so numerous that I knew I could not hail and speak to one without being seen by many others. Listening to make sure no one was coming, I made a dash over the bank, and as I did so saw two men approaching.

Knowing I had been seen, I stopped until they came up, then giving them a Chinese "Koh-t'ou" I briefly told our distress and asked their help. They were sympathetic friends in affliction, being refugees from Tientsin, but of course they were unable to do anything for us. Promising not to tell anyone

that they had seen me, they passed on, but not before a youth going in the same direction came by, who with a scared face gave me a wide berth.

I must have been an object, with dirty blood-stained undercoat and trousers, no gown, worn out shoes, unshaved, wounded face, and dishevelled hair of six months, and I had lost my queue! No wonder he was frightened. Rejoining the ladies, I explained that we must wait till dusk, when there would be fewer boats and people, if we hoped to carry out that plan. About the middle of the afternoon we heard the tramping of many feet and voices along the bank. We knew it was a band of Boxers looking for us by the shouting and shooting off of guns into the reeds. In about half an hour they left and all was quiet again. We were terribly bitten by mosquitoes, and all day long the children were pleading for drink. We too were suffering much in the same way; but, apart from the risk of going to the river to fetch water, I had nothing to bring it in. By about 6 p.m. they were so distressed that I took their two little straw hats, one inside the other, and made a dash to the river and back without having been seen, but alas! although I ran all the way, only a few drops remained when I reached them, just enough to wet their lips.

When it was quite dark and everything seemed quiet, we all went to the river side and quenched our thirst from the straw hat drinking cup. And now by the repeated lightning and gathering black clouds we knew a storm was approaching. I hailed several boats, but not one would stop, all no doubt fearing we might be robbers, for this was a time of anarchy and lawlessness, especially in the country between Pao-ting Fu and Tientsin. All around was weird and black, with constant lightning and distant thunder. We returned to our place among the reeds, hoping the storm might pass over without rain. Then came the fierce wind bending the reeds low to the ground, and very soon the rain began to fall. A reed is at any time a poor thing to trust in, but never take shelter

from a Chinese thunderstorm in a bed of reeds!

Covering the children as much as possible with the bedding and our straw hats, we sat through those miserable two hours; all were very soon wet to the skin and chilled to the bone. Oh, Lord, was there ever a more helpless, hopeless desolate band of Thy little ones? The rain ceased, so leaving the now sodden bedding and the dripping reeds we made our way to the bank where we could warm ourselves by walking up and down. We were all very lightly clad, having only the few thin garments we were wearing when surprised by the Boxers at the farm. The children each had a little bodice, knickers, and cotton pinafore, and shoes without socks. The ladies each had trousers, vest, and a cotton "kna-tsi" or upper Chinese garment, without skirts, which the Boxers had taken, while I had the two garments, trousers and "likua" or undercoat. Some course of action must now be decided upon. To the east about a quarter of a mile was a riverside hamlet, and half a mile to the west was the city. Which way should we go? Perhaps influenced by the advice of the Boxers, certainly guided by God, we decided to go west and made our way towards the city. About half way there we came to a cottage, and seeing a light in the window I said, "Let us ask them to help us." Making our way towards the back, we saw a youth crossing the yard carrying a light. Telling him who and what we were, we asked him if he could help us to get a boat. He was distressed at our pitiable condition and talked of the wickedness and cruelty of the Boxers, then he said he would go off and see if he could persuade a friend of his to take us in his boat. Could it be that the Lord had guided us to the very one who was willing to help? We knew that He was able for this also, and had He not reminded us of the promise, "For six troubles I will be with thee, yea in seven I will deliver thee." So encouraging each other in Him we took shelter under a tree, as the rain had begun again, and waited the man's return. He was not long away; his friend was

sleeping in the city that night and the gates were closed, but he had called up another man who had a boat and who would be along directly. Inviting us into the house he got us water and offered us melons to eat. We were glad to put down the tired children who soon fell asleep on the brick bed, while we ate one of the dry cakes we had with us.

Suddenly we were startled by an unearthly sound in the yard outside, it seemed a combination of a hiss and a growl. With a slash of a drawn sword the reed curtain at the door was dashed down, and we were again face to face with a crowd of fierce Boxers. "Betrayed!" was the first thought that flashed through one's mind. The next moment all was confusion. I was seized by the hair, dragged to the ground, and was conscious of blow after blow on different parts of my body, then of being trampled on by many feet as others rushed over me to seize my wife and Miss Gregg. I remember a pang as I heard the heart-rending shrieks of the children, and then a sweet calm filled my soul and I committed my spirit to God. Comparing notes since we have each been able to testify that this was the calmest moment in our lives so soon to be given up to Him; we never doubting for a moment that we should immediately be killed. With joy my wife accepted this fulfilment of the promised deliverance, that it should be into the Father's presence.

Now we were dragged outside and thrown in the mud, and bound hand and foot, they using their feet as much as their hands to get our arms and legs into the position they wanted, though we were quite passive. Then I suddenly missed the cries of the children and was glad that the lumps had "gone before" and were spared more of these terrible sights. Miss Gregg was hauled by the hair into a kneeling position and her head pressed down on to a stone table in the yard, used for burning incense, and one cried, "Who will strike?" But other voices overruling cried, "No, take them all to headquarters first." As we lay there bound in the mud, one and another struck us heavily again and

again with the backs of swords or the handles of spears. Miss Gregg now lay close beside me and, as blow after blow fell upon her, no sound escaped her lips, only a long deep sigh.

I could not see or hear my dear wife who had been dragged some distance away. Word was now given to carry us off; the handles of two spears were put through my left arm, two men taking the ends on their shoulders, and I was taken off hanging between them by one arm, with hands tied to my feet behind me.

It was only about a quarter of a mile to the temple building they used as headquarters. I should have fainted with the excruciating pain, had it been much further. On entering, my face struck heavily against a large earthenware water tank, and the next minute I was thrown down in the court yard. Hearing the dear children cry, I knew that they had been brought off at once, and not killed as I supposed. My wife and Miss Gregg were carried in a similar way, the former suspended by both hands and feet, the latter by one arm and one leg. Little John was tied hands and feet and carried, while Vera with hands tied behind was made to walk, having her feet bound when they got there.

Now all had arrived and there was much rejoicing and mutual congratulations that these "devils" had been captured. Presently a tall young man arrived who by his authoritative voice I soon knew was recognised as a leader. He came and put a brick under my head for a pillow and spoke encouragingly to me, telling me if I had anything to say not to be afraid to say it. I requested that if they intended to kill us they would do it quickly and not let us go through any unnecessary suffering. Being questioned as to whom we were, I explained where we were from and how we came to be there, but they won't believe a word I said. I suppose it must have been a strange unlikely story to them, as they were convinced we came from a neighbouring Catholic Mission against whom they had a special hate, two of their townsfolk

having recently been killed in an attack on the Romanists there. Later on they lifted me up and gave me a stool to sit on, that I might be better able to talk to them. In my new position I could see the ladies, and at my request my wife's head was moved out of a pool of dirty water, and Miss Gregg's hands were loosened and tied in front instead of at the back, a favour they would not grant for myself until next day, though I suffered intensely because of the shot wound in my left arm.

I was soon too faint to sit up and was glad to be laid down again on the wet ground, now so near the others that we were able to whisper to each other "For Jesus' Sake." Vera too seemed to understand and in her turn sought to comfort her mother by kisses and saying, "Poor Mother! Poor Mother!"

They could not pacify the children who had been carried into the house, so at last they let them come out to their mother, and one after another they tottered with bare feet, their shoes having been taken from them, and sitting down on the wet ground buried their heads on their mother and sobbed themselves quiet. Just before daylight, we were carried through into the main temple building where some reeds and a mat had been spread on the floor, upon which we were laid. A guard of five or six being left in charge, the remainder dispersed, understanding that our case was to be decided in the morning.

Thus for the fifth time we find ourselves delivered from death for, although we could not say how our case would go eventually, the Lord had stayed their hand and prevented our being killed on the spot when captured.

As we lay there, wet, muddy, bound and aching, we appreciated the brief time of quiet that followed, which was spent in prayer and in encouraging each other in the Lord.

Shortly after sunrise, the people began to arrive, and for the next three or four days there was one constant stream of curious people crowding into the temple to look at us, and

I assure you that the being "looked at" was not the easiest of the many things He has enabled us to endure "for His sake." Soon some of the leaders appeared on the scene, and for over three hours I sat there, bound and propped against the leg of the incense table, to undergo a severe cross-examination. Of course, I told the truth, and nothing but the truth, and at last I think they were obliged to own themselves baffled, as one confessed that I had a mouth full of Huailuh dialect, another that he had seen a boat the previous morning answering the description given, while a third declared I could not be a Romanist Priest because I had two wives and children!

Our cords were now removed and food was given to us, and we were told that they had decided to send two of their number to Paotingfu, to obtain of the officials there confirmation of what I had said. One fact alone I had withheld from them and that was the Governor's order to the Boxers to kill us. I simply told them that they had declared it was impossible to take us to Tientsin, as promised by the Governor, and had made us leave the boat.

Feeling sure they would learn the truth at Paotingfu, there seemed very little hope of our lives when the deputation returned. This was Thursday morning, August 6th, and the men did not return till Saturday evening. All that we went through in the interval I cannot attempt to tell. During the day the crowds kept me incessantly in conversation, answering the same questions over and over again. Many hundreds of Boxers visited us from all the country round, carrying their ghastly weapons, and by their looks thirsting for our blood. The heat and the myriads of flies were additional trials, while at night, although we were not bound after the second night, the mosquitoes, vermin and rats were terrible, so that with the hard uncomfortable bed and our aching bodies sleep was out of the question, until the Saturday night, when we slept I suppose from sheer exhaustion. We enabled the children

te sleep by keeping up a constant fanning over them. Those told off to guard us each night seemed designedly to talk as if something were going to be done with us next day keeping us in constant uncertainty. To the praise and glory of God I bear record that we all of us realised and enjoyed His sustaining grace and keeping power, but at the same time I must humbly confess that I sometimes grew impatient under the continual strain of being questioned and insulted by the crowd.

On the Saturday night I was fetched round to their meeting room to hear the result of the deputation's visit to Paotingfu, and found myself in a room full of respectable tradesmen and scholars. These were the civil members of the Company of Boxers whose military people had captured us.

I learned that the society had only been formed here in self defence, as only in this way could they be safe from the depredations of the numerous societies in the district; and that their city had no resident magistrate, but was governed by an adjacent larger city, with the help of the neighbouring tradesmen and gentry.

The Governor had been very angry when he heard we had been let go alive, and that these people did not kill us as soon as they found us, and he had now given to them the same order that he gave the others. The civil part of the society we were now held by being much stronger than the military, they had overruled any other wish there may have been, and determined to protect us and send us down to Tientsin when the way was clear. They had won over the rougher element by the promise that as long as we were there and they had to guard and protect us, the whole company, about forty, should be provided with food, and towards this expense all the tradesmen subscribed liberally. Truly it was "a wonder to many" that we had not been killed again and again, as we should have been had we fallen into the hands of any other society in that district. Only a quarter of a mile below where we left the boat, a native Roman Catholic had been killed the

very day when we were hiding in the reeds, and we should certainly never have passed a place five miles further down the river. And here we were, a little helpless company, allowed to escape by those who had the highest authority for killing us, while a whole city of gentry and tradesmen were turned to be our protectors and friends!

Yes! Those who know not our God may well marvel at all He wrought on our behalf. No doubt their decision was largely influenced by their superstition; the fact that we had been spared by one band of Boxers made them afraid to injure us. One and all declared that it was because I had accumulated so much merit that Heaven itself had intervened on our behalf and prevented man's will from being done upon us. Thus for the sixth time our lives were preserved, and we were guarded day and night by some at least who would have killed us if they had had their own way.

There was some doubt as to whether they would be able to hold their own against the number of Boxers who were expected on the following day, Sunday, to attend the funeral of the two who had been killed by the Romanists. I suppose between three and four thousand thronged the town, but although there was some discussion, and a lot of threatening to make off with us and kill us, they were restrained. From the night of our capture little John drooped; persistent diarrhoea set in, he lost all his flesh and in a few days had scarcely strength to stand alone, while his terror when the people got at all noisy, or he saw their weapons, was most distressing. On the Monday my dear wife sickened with dysentery and was soon utterly prostrate. For two days we even despaired of her life. We had no means of giving her relief, and as to dieting it was out of the question. Vera had bad diarrhoea most of the time, but retained her appetite and her brightness throughout, and was a great favourite with all the people. I suffered every night with neuralgia, while all, especially Miss Gregg and myself, really knew what it was to suffer from

hunger. Only two meals a day were provided for ourselves and our keepers, and they were of the coarsest kind and generally undercooked. Not being accustomed to it, we could not like the natives eat sufficient at the 7 o'clock morning meal to last till the afternoon meal at between 4 and 5 o'clock. This matter of food therefore became one of our special requests day by day as we laid our needs before the Lord, praying that some heart might be touched to give the children something extra in the way of a dough cake, fruit, etc. Very few days passed without our receiving many little kindnesses in this way from the people who thronged to see us, and each evening we could praise for answered prayer. By the third night we had recovered our bedding. I told the men where we left it and they found it and dried it for us. Most grateful we were for something softer to lie on. The little Bible and the cash had been taken on the night of our seizure; the latter we never saw again, but the precious Book was restored to us on the sixth day, by request, looking as though it had been well handled. It was a new experience being without money. Occasional odd cash were given to the children, and these were jealously stored up until there were enough to buy a cake, or some sugar candy, as a special treat. One man out of the goodness of his heart gave me 30 cash saying, "I am sure you must be pining for a smoke; this will buy you a little tobacco." With this little fortune we were able for several days to buy my wife a basin of millet soup, as she could not take the other food during her illness.

About a week after our arrival we were able to have a wash, and a day or two later I was allowed to have a shave. Miss Gregg, having gained permission to go down to the river with an armed escort, contrived from time to time to wash out some of our garments, but of course having no change we were obliged to be minus that garment until it was dry again. The vermin were a constant source of trouble to us, in fact it was impossible to keep ourselves free from them.

The daily and nightly discomforts, mentioned above, continued throughout our stay, with the addition of cold in the night during the last week or so. One day, early in the afternoon, when there were few people about, I was standing over the ladies and children as they slept, keeping away the flies with a fan, and looking rather gloomily, I am afraid, out through the open trellis work of the door. Our guard were all having a nap, and one solitary sightseer was peering through at the foreigners. Presently a little crumpled tuft of paper was dropped through on to the floor. I saw him throw it, but thinking it more an act of contempt than anything else I took no notice of it. The man had moved off to the outer door, then stopped, and seeing that I had not picked it up he came back, motioning to the floor where it lay, and again walked off. My curiosity was now aroused and I took it up, opened it, and found within, in a good bold hand, these words—"Don't be afraid, for Chinese robbers nearly all have been killed by both Chinese and foreign soldiers. Peking and Tientsin belong to Europeans. Now I will go to Tientsin and tell your armies to protect you. You may tear it into pieces when you have seen." Looking up, I motioned my thanks, and my unknown friend left hurriedly. The idiom was certainly that of an English speaking Chinaman. I was so excited that I woke the ladies to show them. Miss Gregg at once claimed it as the "little bird" and letter she had looked for that day in the reeds. We were all elated and for a time our hardships all seemed much easier to bear for this little gleam of hope which the Lord had sent us. If this friend really went to Tientsin and made known our position to the British Consul, we felt sure something would be done for us, nor were we wrong, as the sequel will show. We listened daily for news of the situation but could gather nothing definite from the conflicting reports that reached us, and now nearly three weeks had gone by since our capture, and still there seemed no better prospect of our getting down to the coast.

Could it be possible that it was barely

a month since we left Huailuh? Many, many months seemed to have been crowded into that time. Our daily prayer became that the Lord would speedily open the door and set His prisoners free, and the prayer was answered, but in altogether a different way from what we had looked for.

On Monday, 3rd September, a large company of Boxers visited the place, and we noticed that their attitude towards us was more unfriendly than usual. One thrust the muzzle of his gun into my wife's face, and said something to the effect that they were "going to begin business to-day." The place was packed with them for more than two hours, in so much that they were almost treading upon us. The children were especially frightened, and I was kept in constant conversation the whole time. If any of our own guard were about they usually politely asked them to move on when they had looked at us. We were greatly relieved when all had left again, but the following morning early we were conscious that something unusual was abroad.

We had just been reading together Psalm 146. and had laid hold of the 7th verse, "The Lord looseth the prisoners."

We learned that the mandarin from the neighbouring town had come, but we could not gather if his visit was on our account. Soon after our morning meal, one of the head men came to tell us that they were in great trouble: the large party of Boxers mentioned had threatened to come in a body to-day and carry us off. The whole town and neighbourhood were in an uproar about us, and some of the leading gentry were endeavouring to "talk over" the men who had come to make the threat.

It was proposed to hide us in a small room away at the back of the temple, in the yard we were first brought into, and they would give it out that we had been sent off to Tientsin down the river. If the worst came, we and those resident in the suburbs would move into the city, close the gates, and resist any attack which the country Boxers might make in force.

It did not take long to gather up all we possessed and move to the room at the back, a small, damp and fusty place which it would be certain death to live in day and night for any length of time. My dear wife, who had been improving slowly for a few days, went back very perceptibly the first day, and John was now so poorly that he must be nursed continually. Certainly we were free from visitors! but being left so severely alone, and not knowing how matters were going, only added to the depressing influences of those two days. The second day we could hear a great deal of shouting and much excitement going on in the street, and at night, when all was quiet, we learned what a difficult matter it had been to keep off the attacking party of Boxers. The Civil department held a monster meeting in the city, which was attended by some five hundred tradesmen and gentry, and by good words, apologies, and promises, they had succeeded in preventing an attack on us. So busy had they all been that not a soul had been near us since early morning, and they forgot to bring us our afternoon meal till very late. When the Secretary with one or two others came at last, we had just passed nearer the point of despair than we had reached all through our trials. Sick, ill, tried, cold, hungry and uncertain, the black pall of despair was settling down on my soul. As evening came on, with tears I implored my wife and Miss Gregg to pray for me, when suddenly there was quiet and music in my heart. I listened to catch the tune, then my lips tremblingly took up the strain and sang.

Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him.
Who can tell how much we owe Him?
Gladly let us render to Him
All we have and are."

The ladies soon joined, and, as the warm comfort of the Lord's own peace flowed again in our hearts, we did not try to keep back the tears that would come.

There was quite a consternation when they suddenly remembered that amidst all their troubles they had forgotten us. Very soon three or four different kinds of cakes and food were

brought along, and while we ate we learned something of what had happened. Later, I was invited across to the meeting-room and was told that we were to leave that evening by boat for Paotingfu!

With many assurances they tried to set our hearts at rest, but to us it seemed like going to certain death again, until one gentleman, taking advantage of a moment we had alone, told me that the English Consul, having heard that we were prisoners at Sinan had sent to Paotingfu, demanding protection and safe escort to Tientsin, and that a Special Commissioner had been sent from Paotingfu to fetch us. He had come with the Mandarin the previous day, but they being just in the midst of their trouble had refused to hand us over, having told the Boxers that we had left the previous day; but they promised to escort us to Ancheo, the neighbouring governing city, and hand us over to the Commissioner there.

At once we felt sure that our "little bird" had fulfilled his promise and had made known our dangerous and destitute condition to the authorities at Tientsin. It was our God who had enabled the Sinan people to restrain that horde of Boxers and just in the nick of time opened the way for our removal from the place.

This I record, with deep wonder, love and praise, as the seventh deliverance from death that He has wrought on our behalf, and these seven escapes have all been from definite and seen dangers; what of the many unseen designs and schemes of the Evil One which God had overthrown and from which He had delivered us?

One such has just come to our knowledge: during the brief stay that we had at Paotingfu the first time, armed Boxers had hung around the women's prison all the time, and one in particular had declared his intention to have a look at the "foreign devils," and a cut at them too, if he had the chance. The official, however, not wishing such a thing to happen within the precincts of his Yamen, had told off a strong guard to keep an eye on the building and prevent trouble.

So the door of our prison was opened and prayer answered, but not to go east to Tientsin, as we hoped, but to return to Paotingfu, as His perfect will saw good.

We knew that owing to the Boxer movement being so strong and widespread, the way to Tientsin was practically impassable for a foreigner, and so had the Lord led us to trust Him that we went forward, knowing all would be well. "When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them."

About midnight on Wednesday, 5th September, we walked down to the riverside where two boats were waiting. Ourselves and six or seven of the escort embarked on one, some of the gentry and the rest of the escort on the other. I almost carried my dear wife, who was too weak to walk.

Food had been made for us before starting, and now we were sent off with many expressions of good will from the little throng of tradesmen, etc., who had come down with us.

It was only six miles up stream to Ancheo, which we expected to reach easily by daybreak, but a heavy thunder-storm came on when about a mile out, and after anchoring till the rain ceased they elected to return to Sinan, get some refreshments and start again at daylight. Consequently we arrived on 6th September, about 8 a.m., having met two boats with soldiers who had been sent to look for us, as we had not turned up as early as had been promised.

Though short, it had been a most uncomfortable journey. There were no cabin divisions in the boat, and, owing to the rain, the six men and ourselves were all crowded under the matting cover. Great numbers gathered on the banks to get a look at us, our fame having gone before. We were transferred to another big open boat, even less comfortable than the other, having only the matting covering without any screens.

Presently the Commissioner and local mandarin came on board and had a short conversation with us; then the word was given and a start made, we following close in the wake of the Commissioner's boat, which, by the way,

was one of the most comfortable of the house-boat description.

I forgot, until the local official had left the boat, to ask for some money for travelling expenses, which it was his duty to provide, so we now found ourselves without money, without food, and a day's journey before us. The four soldiers and three yamen men, who formed our new escort, together with the boatmen, all kindly shared their food with us and gave us a drink of tea. At the half-way place the escort told the Commissioner our position, and he immediately sent to buy us ten small dough cakes. In passing villages where there were Boxers, we all lay down, and they screened us as much as possible by hanging up garments at each end of the covering. How we enjoyed the fresh air, sunshine, and beautiful outlook on the fast ripening crops. Dear little John, who had scarcely smiled during the past three weeks, now pointed to this and that object which interested him. New life was put into us all, but I am afraid the trying experiences of the night more than counterbalanced the help we had gained during the day. When only about three-quarters of a mile from Paotingfu and just before sunset, another storm came on, compelling us to anchor and, as the city gate would be closed, to spend the night there.

Again all sought the shelter of the matting cover, and the seven men and ourselves were all huddled up together through a very miserable night. It was impossible for all to find comfortable lying-down room, and with our few thin garments it was exceedingly difficult to keep warm. We managed to cover my wife and the two children with the bedding, while we two stronger ones roughed it; but, as they all three suffered with constant diarrhoea none of us got much rest. Soon after dawn, however, we moved on towards the city, and by sunrise were anchored close by the South gate. The Commissioner now came on board again and gave us 500 cash and more cakes. He asked how the Consul at Tientsin knew we were at Sinan, and a few other questions, then, promising we should not be separated, told the escort to take

us down to the district yamen. Little John clapped his hands with delight at the sight of the cash, exclaiming, "Oh, look what a lot of money we've got! Praise the Lord!"

We quite expected a cart would be provided. As it was nearly a mile away, I explained to the soldiers that I was afraid my wife could not walk so far, and they told me to carry her on my back, and they would help with the children and our few belongings! Although she was now exceedingly light, I was correspondingly weak, so she attempted the walk, and with Miss Gregg's help, and by going very slowly, was enabled to get there; the Lord giving the strength. What a changed aspect the city now wore! One could hardly recognise it as the same place. Soldiers were in evidence everywhere; many of the shops were closed; the streets, usually so thronged, seemed forsaken.

We were told by our escort on the way up that there had been a panic when it was rumoured that foreign troops were coming to the city.

Many of the tradesmen and people had fled, a lot of the disbanded soldiers had run wild and pillaged right and left, but the officials had nipped this in the bud and executed a few dozen of them. And that peace was now restored and there were no Boxers left in the city. The last statement we afterwards found was very far from true.

After arriving at the yamen, there was about an hour's delay while our papers were examined and the officials decided what should be done with us.

At last the underlings came and would have taken me off to the men's prison again alone, but, refusing to budge, I said that they could take me to the mandarin and I would explain to him. At this they went away, returning shortly to say that we were all to go to the women's lock-up. What a palace it seemed after our quarters of the past three weeks. How thankfully we settled down and for the time being desired nothing better! Very soon we were visited by one and another of the yamen people who were profuse in their congratulations upon our escape, etc., etc. Nor was it long

before a marked change in their treatment of us was apparent.

We rose now in the scale rapidly, extra bedding was brought for us (the cheapest available), and I was allowed to have a shave, the mandarin's own barber being sent for the purpose. New paper was put in the window to keep out the cold at night, while again and again the women in charge were enjoined to look well after us and take care that we lacked nothing.

The next day, Saturday, September 8th, was the 15th of the Chinese 8th Moon, a great feast day. The mandarin sent us a meal from his own kitchen, with a present of moon-cakes and foreign sweets for the children. We were told that we should have rooms in the mandarin's private quarters, but that, as there was no room there to spare, a suite of rooms was being prepared for us in another yamen and would be ready on the morrow. An official was appointed by the Provincial Judge, acting as Governor, to give us daily attention and provide us with everything we needed. He visited us on Saturday to learn what we wanted, then came on Sunday with a new rig-out for each of us. What a relief to lay aside our dirty things and put on some clean, sweet, although cheap, clothing once more!

On Sunday our meals were sent again from the mandarin's kitchen, and about 8 p.m. two carts, with four soldiers and others, came to take us to the new quarters. Thus by rapid strides, we were transformed from outcasts and prisoners into honoured guests! [Note—This change in treatment was no doubt occasioned by the receipt of a telegram from H.E. Li Hungchang, who was waited upon in Shanghai on September 7th by the Hon. John Goodnow and Dr. John R. Hykes, Consul-General and Vice-Consul U. S. A., at the request of Rev. J. W. Stevenson, Deputy Director, China Inland Mission.]

On arriving at our new home we found two fairly large rooms, simply furnished, and moderately clean (for Chinese); a cook with orders to serve us up anything we might like to ask for,

and the four soldiers to guard us day and night and attend to us just as we chose to use them.

Here too we found two more new coverlets, and an additional suit for each one of us of rather warmer clothing.

Mr. Cheng, the official appointed to look after us, visited us constantly to see to our comfort and enquire after our needs. I must not forget to mention the courtyard and small garden where we could daily get fresh air and sunshine. Little John picked up perceptibly from the very first day here. My dear wife, too, although slowly and with repeated painful relapses, made progress to recovery, and in a fortnight was enabled to help and relieve Miss Gregg, who for five weeks had been mother to my bairns. During the first ten days, all of us, notably Miss Gregg and myself, suffered acutely from painful and severe diarrhœa, while my old complaint of neuralgia continued to trouble me nightly. But as time went on good diet, clean surroundings, fresh air and rest, combined to put us all in a better state of health. We were able to buy "Condensed Milk" in the city, and this was an untold boon to all, especially the children. Many of the officials came to see me and gave me quite a number of presents, but whilst we praised God for every token of His care, and especially for the lead pencils which came from the telegraph office and enabled us to begin our diary, we could not but be troubled by the fact that so short a time before these very people were consenting to the death of our loved ones. What a solemn thing it was to be living in that city where so many of God's people had laid down their lives for Him, and as we heard from the three Christians who were permitted to visit us the details and horrors of those days do you wonder that our hearts turned sick within us?

About a week after our promotion, I was given permission to telegraph to Shanghai news of our safety, at the Provincial Judge's expense, although I was somewhat restricted in what I should say. In six days a reply came,

"Halleluiah! Have wired news home. Wait instructions from Tientsin or Peking." This, our first communication from the outside world for four months, was pinned upon the wall, that we might continually refresh ourselves by reading it.

Towards the end of our third week here, I received a letter from the Consul at Tientsin, with a note added by Mr. Lowrie. This, too, filled our hearts with rejoicing as we learned all that was being done for our safety by the authorities in Tientsin, and also by our praying friends there.

About this time I was given facilities to write to our Shuentehfu friends, who are still at Chengtingfu, which place we learn had not been destroyed. Until they received this letter, they did not know if we were alive or dead. In fact they had given up all hope of seeing us again, as all the rumours were that we had been killed thirty miles down the river by Boxers.

A very real break comes into our diary at this point through my dear husband's serious illness. He was unable to write, and so I was led to continue our testimony to the Lord's goodness and mercy.

The long waiting time of between five and six weeks at Paotingfu was a very real testing time. The Chinese officials were always promising to send us to the coast, and just at the last moment some excuse was forthcoming, roads not safe, &c. &c.

They evidently had some definite purpose in keeping us. What was it? The most probable reason was to make use of us in the event of foreign troops coming into the district, and we were confronted by the fear that in the end they might make a final thrust at the enemy by killing us. One day, as Miss Gregg and I were talking about these things and feeling cast down, Vera, who was playing beside us and apparently taking no notice, looked up and said, so quickly and with such confidence, "Auntie, the Lord looseth the prisoners" (our Sinan text), then she again resumed her play. As we accepted her rebuke, our faith was strengthened and we could not but

acknowledge that "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the Lord has perfected praise."

How little we realised then the path which the Lord had for us to tread! For weeks our little darling had been suffering from dysenteric diarrhoea, sometimes better sometimes worse, and yet through it all so full of life that it helped to quiet our fears in regard to her, and we kept hoping that the change to the coast would completely restore her. We were as careful as circumstances permitted in reference to her diet, and it was good to see how she helped us by her self-denial. Whilst we were still praising God for my gracious recovery, we were brought face to face with the fact that in her case the diarrhoea was giving place to dysentery. All thought and attention were now centred in our darling. Again and again we thanked God for the condensed milk which He had kept in that City for us, and which we husbanded for her.

We saw His tender loving care in strengthening me that I might have the privilege of nursing. How can I describe those days! Sorrow too deep for words filled our hearts as we watched our darling suffer and were powerless to help her, though the Lord gave many seasons of semi-consciousness, in answer to prayer. Could it be that when deliverance was so near, the Lord wanted to take her to Himself?

He alone could and did still our hearts, and cause us to triumph over all the darts of the Evil One when tempted to doubt the Lord's love. The dysentery passed away and we were filled with hope. On October 8th she seemed much better, even asking me to make her some toys, though the desire for them passed away almost as soon as expressed. In the afternoon she began to complain of pain again, and that night she grew rapidly worse, though the dysentery did not return.

The next day we were shocked to see the change in our darling, but we did not realise that the end was so near. On the evening of the 9th, as I had been up most part of the previous night, my husband kept the first

watch. About 3 a.m. I rose to take my turn, and as I looked at my darling I saw that a change had come over her. She was dying. I asked my husband if I should call Miss Gregg. I did so, and we three knelt beside her. She did not regain consciousness again, although she asked her father to lift her up and give her medicine, and about 4 p.m. October 10th, after nearly a fortnight's illness, she fell asleep. In the solemn hush of that hour, God drew very near, and bound up our broken hearts, as with faltering lips we said, "He is worthy." We did not sorrow as those who have no hope, for we know that those who sleep in Jesus God will bring with Him, and that it is only "Till He come." His purposes through her had been fulfilled. She was undoubtedly used of God to preserve our lives. Her bright loving ways touched the hearts of the people and led them to spare us. Yes, her work was done, and in a very real sense her life was laid down for Jesus' sake and for China.

The next day the Chinese officials brought us a coffin, and our darling's body was taken to a temple near by, and remained there until further arrangements could be made.

This seemed to be the final strain for my dear husband. He had caught cold a night or two before, when watching our darling, and now there was an utter collapse.

He complained of much pain; to swallow solid food was an utter impossibility, any attempt at it made him quite faint, and what food he took passed through at once, undigested. Each day found him decidedly weaker, and again we resorted to prayer. We heard rumours of French troops approaching, which filled us with hope and thankfulness, but we could not understand why the officials left us so severely alone during these few days.

After many false alarms, the first detachment reached Paotingfu on Oct. 13th. This we heard from the soldiers who kept guard; no one else came near. How was it? On Sunday morning there was a sensation and a rush. The Provincial Magistrate was announced. Now, we thought, all is

well. But he simply told us that the French were there on railway business, and would have nothing to do with us! Monday passed quietly away, my husband still getting worse. On Tuesday, Oct 16th, we decided to write to the French Colonel and ask the favour of medical help. Just as a soldier was on the point of starting, our eyes were gladdened by the appearance of a Captain D—in the doorway. The Colonel had just heard from a French and English speaking Chinaman, whom the Captain brought with him, that we were in the city, and at once sent us an invitation to go into the French camp, an invitation which we were not slow to accept. About 4 p.m. an ambulance was brought for Mr. Green, and under a strong escort of French soldiers we left the city. We received much kindness from the French Colonel and all the officers during our stay there, the only disadvantage being our inability to speak French. Our conversations had to be carried on through the young Chinaman mentioned above, and this made a real difficulty in reference to Mr. Green.

We learned from the French that when the officials were questioned as to why they had not mentioned the fact of our being in the city, they replied that they rather wanted to send us to the coast but that we did not wish to go!

The British troops from Peking were now drawing near, and almost as soon as they arrived, October 19th, General Gaselee and several officers came to see us. The General was most kind to us and offered to send the doctor round at once to see what could be done for my dear husband.

Imagine what the sight of English faces and the sound of English voices meant after all these months! They reminded us that we were now in the midst of friends. Yes, the time of our deliverance had come, and with grateful adoration, too deep for words, we praised God.

On Saturday, October 20th, we were handed over to General Gaselee and taken to the Field Hospital, where Mr. Green had the best medical help,

so valuable in his critical condition. My husband was found to be suffering from bill diarrhoea and a complete nervous break down. General Gaselee gave instructions that no expense was to be spared. Major Thompson was most kind and attentive, as were many others.

On Sunday, October 21st, we had the intense joy of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and their baby, also Mr. Brown, who had just arrived from Chengtingfu, where they had been for twelve weeks. What a glad reunion it was!

On Monday, arrangements were made for us to leave for Tientsin on the following day, by boat. We were quite a large party. Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and baby, Mr. Brown, two sick officers, a war correspondent, and several others besides ourselves. We brought dear Vera's coffin with us. Lieut. Bingham and Dr. Major Thompson were in charge, and there was a strong escort. Mr. Green got on very nicely until Friday afternoon, when his head began to trouble him. That night he was almost unmanageable, and he had not regained consciousness when we reached Tientsin on Saturday, October 27th.

The doctor at the Gordon Hall, where we were first taken, told us that he was dangerously ill, and after further consultation it was decided that it was best to have him removed to our China Inland Mission Home. Here the difficulty of getting a trained nurse had to be faced, but again the Lord provided in His own wonderful way. Dr. Stevenson, a lady of the American Methodist Mission, offered her services, which were most gratefully accepted.

Sunday was a day of much prayer and anxiety for my loved one, but, praise God! on Monday morning he regained consciousness. He is still very very ill, but our hope is in God, and "He is able."

Looking into the future, we realise that, as it has been, so it must be step by step with God. We are as those who are "alive from the dead." How solemn! How heart searching! We cannot understand why we have been spared when so many of God's

dear children have been called to lay down their lives for Him. We can only say, "It is the Lord." A more helpless little band there could not have been, so that the glory is all His own. We have often turned to Acts XII, where we read that "Herod the King put forth his hands to afflict certain of the Church, and he killed James the brother of John with the sword; and when he saw that it pleased the Jews he proceeded to seize Peter also, . . . intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people." But God had another purpose for Peter, and so we read, "Now I know of a truth that the Lord has sent forth His angel and delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews."

"His ways are not our ways, but as the heavens are higher than the earth so are his ways higher than our ways," and our hearts are still.

May "the God of all comfort" comfort the many sorrowing hearts of those who have lost dear ones, and cause them to see "the bright light in the clouds." He was and is glorified in our lives.

Thursday, November 1st.—Our little darling was laid to rest in the English Cemetery here. How different it might have been, and has been with others! Many of God's dear children gathered with us to commit her body to the ground. "Until the day dawn and the shadows flee away."









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